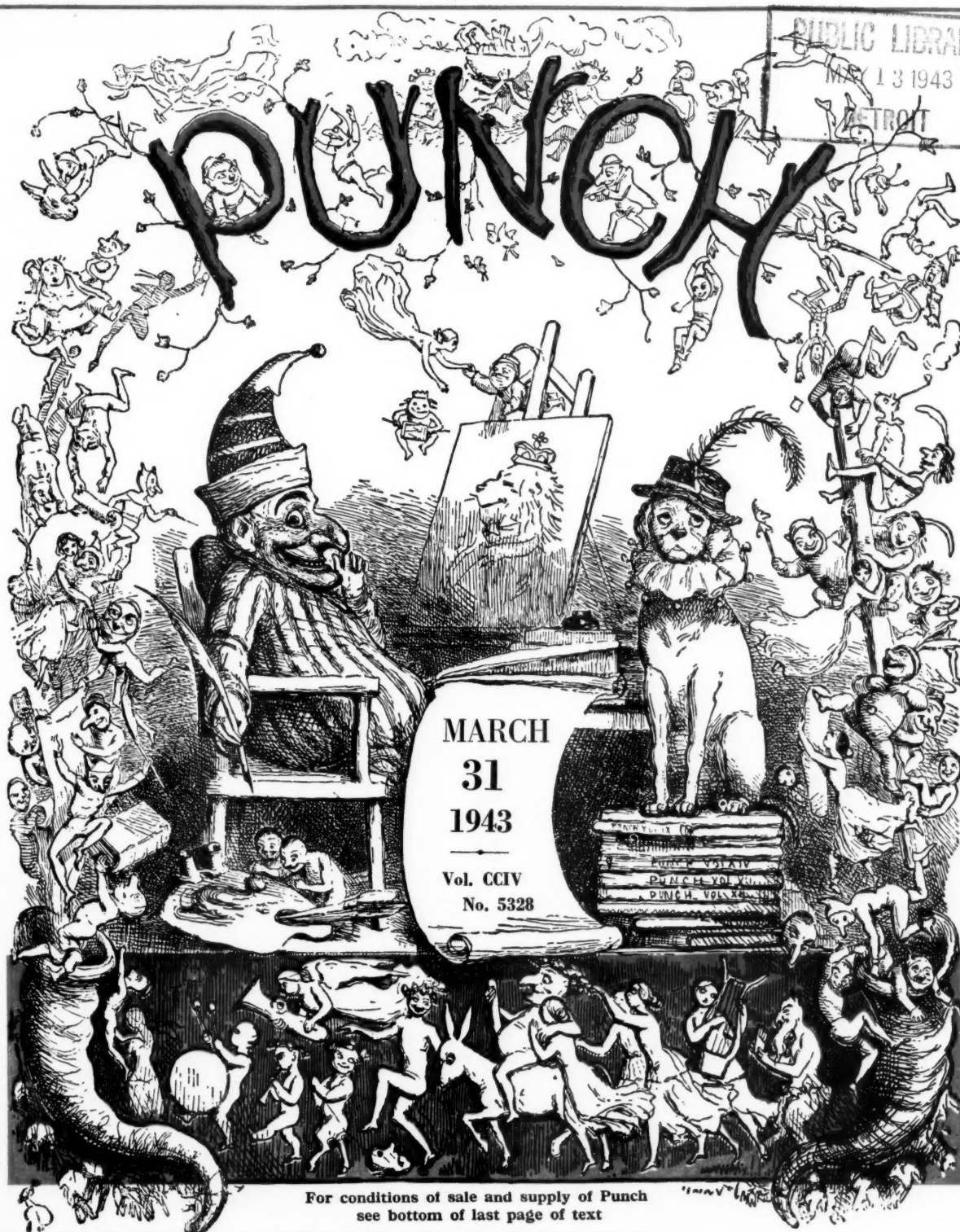


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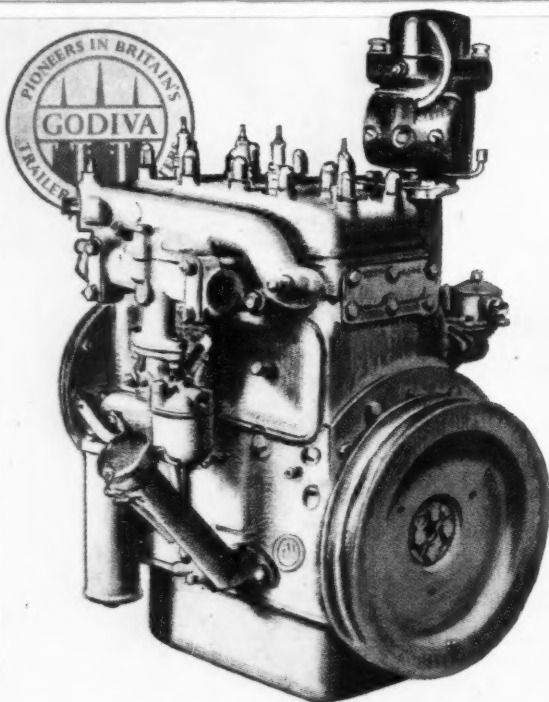
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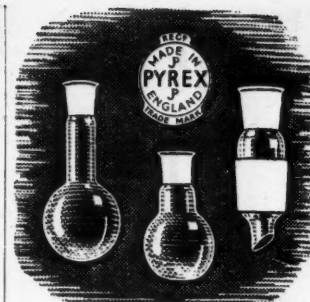
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**Ladislaw Srzcency**, here from Poland

in the cause of Freedom, early learned that "pickles" was a kind of preserve by making the error of toasting his English friends with the blessing, "May Heaven pickle you all". . . . Fortunately his host was able to demonstrate with a bottle of Pan Yan, which having tasted, Ladislaw declared that another link had been forged in Anglo-Polish friendship.

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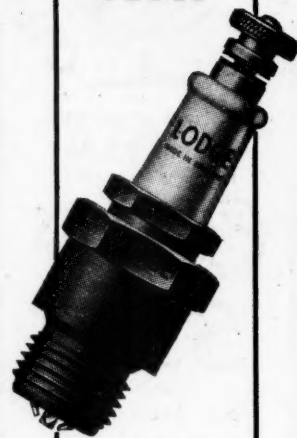
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truly enough, that time does some useful sorting out.

But for many others, to be among the new books is essential if they are to get the most out of their reading. To them books are news, with which they must be up to date.

Which kind of reader are you? Must you have the new books, or doesn't it matter? Either way it's not expensive, but there is no point in paying more than is necessary, and W. H. Smith & Son like to feel that subscribers to their Library know exactly what they are paying for; and are getting what they want, as far as possible in a book-rationed world.



IF I stepped off the pavement, could you pull up in time?

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By Dr. Quignon.

It is generally agreed by my confrères—all of them specialists in the treatment of rheumatic disorders—that rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago are more quickly relieved by spa water cures than by any other treatment.

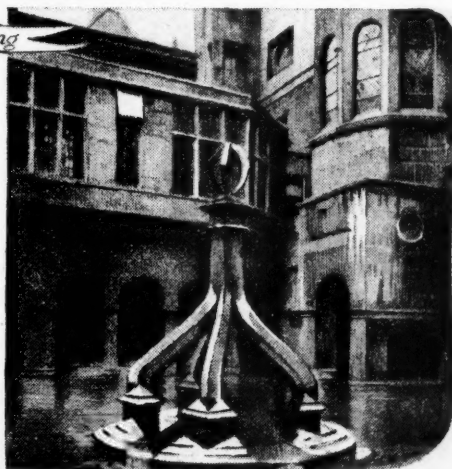
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There is no finer prescription for keeping the body healthy year in and year out, and for preventing the distressing ailments which often take hold in middle life. 'Alkia Saltrates' may be obtained from any chemist at 3/9d. per bottle, including Purchase Tax.

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This is one of Bath's radio-active Hot Springs, famous in the treatment of Rheumatism and other disorders.



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THERE are many Natural Springs famous for their curative properties, but there's another kind of Spring upon which we must all depend... the Spring which is the "heartbeat" of all internal combustion engines, and of countless mechanisms besides. The most famous for efficiency are TERRY'S Springs. Terry's Research Department, backed by 88 years' unrivalled experience, is always ready to assist engineers and designers without obligation.

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**Until then...** One day the whole story will be told... a story of daily, sustained, matter-of-fact heroism on the high seas, of lives risked and lost that we might survive, of men torpedoed once, twice and then again grimly facing the ordeal of dive-bomber and submarine. Until then, such heroism demands something more concrete than mere praise. Shipwrecked sailors need clothing and financial help, sailors ashore must have comfortable hostels, bereaved families must be taken care of. These things are being done. You can help them to continue. Show your gratitude for those who daily risk their lives for you. Give more than generously on

OUR FLAG DAY FOR SEAMEN,  
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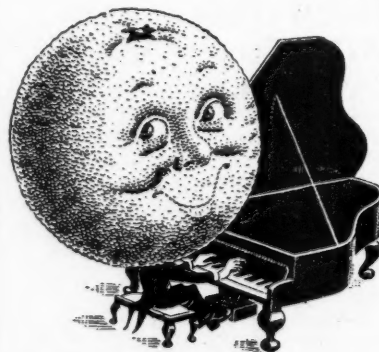


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smooth rich lather 7d

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Goodbye to IDRIS, at least for a while—until after the war is won. Sorry and all that but 'orders is orders'. When the victory bells ring

out you'll find IDRIS Squashes and Table Waters in the forefront again, as delicious as ever and of the same superb quality as pre-war. Until then—

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# IDRIS



IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE  
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# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI.



Vol. CCIV No. 5328

March 31 1943

## Charivaria

AMONG the things stolen from a doctor's motor-car in North London were several bottles labelled "Not to be Taken."

"There is no objection to a husband and wife sharing their clothing coupons," says a Board of Trade Official. This will be news to many husbands.



"DIVAN ROOM, gorilla and plug basin; Clifton."  
Advt. in "Western Daily Press."  
No warthog?

"Do dogs realize that their owners often have to stand in long queues in order to buy food for them?" asks a correspondent, writing to an evening paper. Will some dog reader please reply?

After a brief rest in the country Mussolini returned to Rome and said he felt like a new man. Italians have long felt this.

"Breaking-in mules is an enjoyable job," confesses a First Army man. One can certainly get a kick out of it.

A man who presented himself for enlistment in the Army was completely bald. Combed out?

"The average countryman has a feathered friend," states a naturalist. And it is usually his bed.

A 6 ft. 11 in. man could not obtain a pair of utility trousers to fit him. We can only suggest that he buys a pair of tall spats.



Our idea of an opportunist is the man who, while waiting for the plumber to come to mend last winter's burst pipes, taught his wife to swim.

"At one time half the girls in Hollywood wanted to marry this star," says a film writer. We understand the other half had.

Heating on trains has been discontinued. Passengers rely solely on bridge.

"The English horseman has long been famed for his firm seat in the saddle," says a writer. If proof were needed, look at our equestrian statues.

At a recent wedding the bride's four brothers—all War Reserve policemen—were in attendance. The bridegroom went quietly.

Political opponents are often fast friends outside the Debating Chamber. It must be refreshing to hear Lord Beaverbrook's "Ho-de-ho!" in reply to Lord Southwood's "Hi-de-hi!" when they meet in Fleet Street.



"After supper every member of the meeting had an opportunity to make a gift of money, this money to go toward certain financial obligations of the meeting, which, to the delight of those present, exceeded all expectations."

*From an American Paper.*

More pleasant surprises in store, no doubt.

Describing a Forces concert, a local paper refers to members of a W.R.N.S. quartet as having fresh clear voices unspoiled by affectation or vibrato. They didn't shiver their timbres.



## A Matter of History

A LETTER came to me last week from a Grenadier Guardsman in Tripoli enclosing two sheets torn from old copies of *Punch*. They bear the dates 1911 and 1913. The sheets are a little worn at the edges. They have the appearance also of having suffered from exposure to the climate, and I do not wonder at that. Neither of them contains any reference to political affairs except the Coronation (in 1911) of King George V; and the Guardsman invited me to tell him what they were doing out there in the dust and the debris and the sand. I am always being asked to comment on back numbers of *Punch* or references to back numbers of *Punch*, and the attempt to discover what the reader is talking about or what *Punch* was talking about at the time has convinced me that modern history is far more difficult than ancient history to understand. For instance:

*"I received your letter of November 7th yesterday and am in hopes of another soon. The mail appears to us always going out, and we are always racing against time to get the numerous returns, etc., off by the next mail, not that it affects me so much for I have the outdoors work, but poor Adye hardly ever moves from his tent from press of business. The war as Punch has it may put a stop to business at home and gladden the young lounge's heart, but it certainly is not the case in the Crimea. The tone of the English papers in regard to the Cavalry affair of Balaclava is not so desponding as we expected; they seem to have taken a right view of the subject and not to have frightened people unnecessarily . . ."*

I have the MS. of this strange communication dated November 27th '54; it was sent to me about two years ago, and I often wonder, as I re-read it, at the difference that nearly a century has made in the practice and the appreciation of military affairs. But it is easier to comment on that letter than to explain why pages of *Punch* thirty years old should be lying about to-day in the taken and retaken town of Tripoli.

The Guardsman of 1943 adds in a postscript that his regiment "has given him leave" to send them, and I am glad to learn that the iron discipline of the Brigade of Guards permits him to do so. He is allowed (as we put it) to "communicate with the Press" on a subject that does not reveal any military secrets or provoke any violent controversy of a political kind. And I suppose that even if I printed his letter in full, and his name and number at the end of it, no questions difficult to answer would be asked in the House of Commons.

But I can't answer his question, harmless though it may be. It is possible, of course, though it seems unlikely, that a packet of books and magazines for the troops may have included the magnificent gift of some loose copies of a periodical thirty years out of season, but I am inclined to think (because of the actual dates) that these two Sibylline leaves escaped not from a British but from an Italian archive. 1911 marked the beginning, as 1943 marked the end, of a Roman Empire. Tripoli was taken from the Turks in the former year, and I see no reason why the invaders should not have carried along with the victorious eagles some bundles of foreign papers, even including *The London Charivari*. Or it may be that the subscription to *Punch* taken out in the name of the Turkish municipal librarian was continued in the name of his conqueror.

At any rate (if I am right) the collection has been dispersed; and probably with some violence. Examined for finger-prints, those pages might reveal those of Graziani and half a dozen of his predecessors, of Arabs, of Turks, of

Englishmen. But I have not had them so examined. They have made their Mediterranean cruise, have witnessed the rise and decline of an *imperium*, and returned a little travel-weary to Bouverie Street. There let them remain.

This is all, I grant you, a matter of surmise, and I am ashamed to say that I did not hazard the guess without consulting records. I do not carry the dates of modern history in my head, and I could tell you off-hand the dates of more events in the reigns of the early Cæsars than in that of Victor Emmanuel III.

Tripoli, say the historians, has belonged, at moments, to Carthage, to Rome, to Arabians, to Spaniards, to the Knights of St. John and to Arabians again. "It subsequently became a nest of pirates." And then it belonged to Turkey and then to Rome again. I expect the historians are right. Thirty years without belonging to somebody else may have been rather a novelty to the inhabitants of Tripoli. "Mark you," the old wiseacres may have said as they looked at their *Punch* in the year of the Coronation of George V, "it won't be many years before these pages are scattered about the desert by armed invaders like so many pieces of papyrus and parchment before them." Their anticipations have been realized. A new flag floats over Tripoli. A new subscription will have to be taken out for *Punch*.

That is the best that I can do for my questioner from the Grenadier Guards. The Brains Trust might have helped him with more wit and wisdom, even with more accuracy, but not with more passionate interest than I. For I find it difficult to believe that a second Roman Empire should have risen and flowered and collapsed into ruins between *Punch* vol. CXXI and vol. CCIV. Virgil, even Gibbon perhaps, would have been surprised. EVOE.

o o

## War-time Nursery Rhyme

MARY had a little lamb for luncheon in the City;  
She can't get that at home without a coupon,  
more's the pity.  
But vegetables Mary simply can't abide, and so  
Wherever lamb is on the menu Mary's sure to go.

Now this is hardly patriotic on the part of Mary,  
And obviously her journey isn't really necessary.  
But on her homeward way poetic justice for her waited,  
For she stumbled in the black-out and her ankle dislocated.

The doctor has prescribed for her a month of rest and quiet,  
So she has to be contented with a vegetable diet;  
For to satisfy her hunger is a thing she cannot do  
On the meagre bit of lamb that you can buy for one and two.

o o

### Coincidence

"It was in the midst of this division that Mr. Churchill—looking exactly like himself—returned to the House after his illness."  
*Daily Express.*

o o

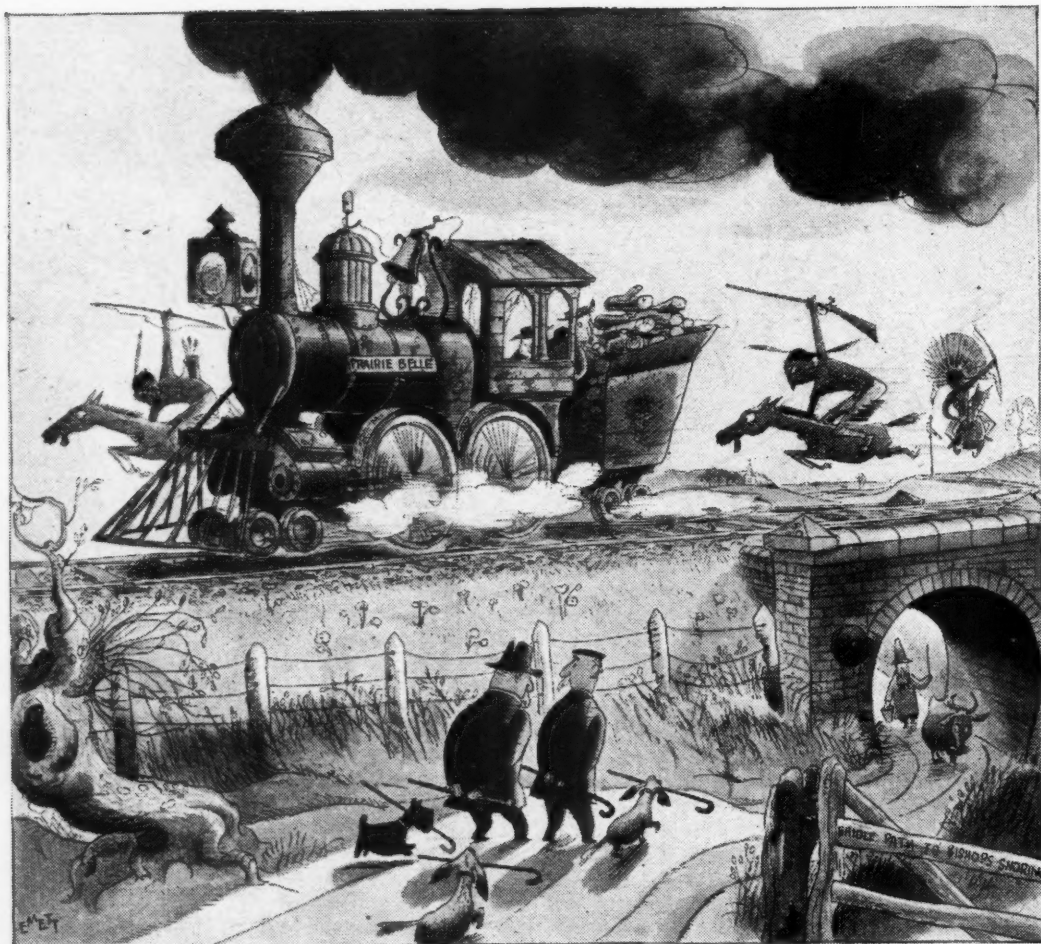
"A cow entered a Guildford health food shop, walked round, and did no more damage than overturn a stock of nut butter."  
*Evening News.*

Rather petty.



### FIRST THINGS FIRST

"Show thee the tree, leafed with refined gold,  
Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat  
That watched the garden called Hesperides."



"... something to do with Lease-Lend, I expect ..."

### Horse-Shoe Nail

"ONE-six-one-two-seven-two-nine A.C.2 Sturgeon," I announced sternly—"you are charged with When on Active Service, whilst undergoing punishment of confinement to camp, being unshaven on the oh-seven-thirty hours Working Parade."

A.C.2 Sturgeon answered my consciously piercing gaze with a bright smile, and rubbed a lower greatcoat button briskly with his gloved thumb.

"Stand still!" barked the attendant sergeant.

"I notice," I continued, "that you were already undergoing punishment for some other offence at this time. What was the other offence?"

"Sir?"

"I must apologise if I don't speak English very well—"

"That's all right."

Sarcasm is inadvisable in these cases.

"I asked you what your previous award of C.C. was for."

The accused looked out of the window.

"Look to your front!" said the sergeant.

"Can't remember off-hand," said A.C.2 Sturgeon.

"You can't what?"

He smiled at something on the wall behind me.

"It started," he said, "with the man what trud on me boot." He

paused and furtively stropped one foot against his other calf.

"Stop that dancing about!" I said. "Well?"

"We was marching on to the square, and the man in fronter me got too far in fronter me, so 'e steps back a piece and trud on me boot. So the officer said to charge me with not polishing it."

This seemed to me a little hard. Officers, I have often thought, are apt to jump to conclusions over matters of this sort.

"Go on."

"So I gets jankers."

"You mean you are awarded—oh, well, never mind. Yes?"

"So next morning I cleans me boots



WE pray that it may not be long before a European tyranny worse than Napoleon's crashes to its doom and we can look back at the time when Britain alone barred the way to the evil hordes and say again with

### WILLIAM PITT

"England has saved herself by her exertions and Europe by her example."

We do not know how far distant that day is; but we do know that the needs of the Fighting Forces are greater than ever. They need everything we can give. Have you given all you can spare to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND? Every penny means that some fighting man somewhere can have more of the small comforts that mean so much. Send to-day to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

special, but I gets charged on parade again for 'aving bulky greatcoat pockets."

"What had you got in your greatcoat pockets?"

"Boot-brushes, in case anybody trud on me boot."

I thought the sergeant said something, but when I looked round his face was respectfully impassive.

"So you got some more jank—that is, you were awarded a further period of confinement to camp?"

"Yes, sir," smiled Sturgeon. "Next day I did me boots extra special, not being able to take me brushes on the square in case anybody trud—"

"Yes, yes."

"—trud on me boots. But what with reporting on jankers in fully quipment I 'adn't no chance to do me buttons."

"So you were charged again?"

"That's right. An' when I got back to the barrack-block I was charged again."

"Good gracious me! What with this time?"

"Dirty mug, sir."

"Mug?" I said, looking at his passably clean face.

The sergeant cleared his throat and said helpfully, "He means his drinking-mug, sir."

"That's right, sir. 'Adn't no chance to wash it, what with reporting on

jankers at oh-six-forty-five hours and paying special care to me boots, not being able to take me brushes—"

"Tell me—how many days' confinement to camp have you contrived to accumulate in the aggregate?"

"Sir?"

"How many days' jankers altogether?"

"Twenty-six, sir," beamed the enemy of society.

"Then you must have had other charges as well?"

"Oh, yes. What with doing me buttons and boots special next day, and reporting for jankers and scouring me mug extra special—I was late falling in on parade."

"I see."

"And next morning, what with being on parade punctual after cleaning me boots and buttons real bright, and reporting on jankers, I forgot to take a box of red-headed matches out me pocket."

"So you were charged with bulky pockets again?"

"No, sir. Setting meself alight, coming down smart from the 'Right Dress' and exploding 'em in me pocket. Damage by neglect, it was."

"And the next morning?"

"Well, sir, what with doing me boots and buttons and mug all special—and reporting on jankers—and stitching me burnt pocket, I saw I was going to fall in late on parade if I stayed to shave."

"And that was this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

There was silence. The scales of justice trembled and came to rest.

"I'm going to dismiss this charge, Sturgeon," I said magnanimously, "and I hope it will be an encouragement to you to keep out of trouble in the future. You realize that all this has sprung from one small offence?"

"Yes, sir. If the man hadn't trud on me boot—"

"Well, of course—"

"And if the officer 'adn't charged me—"

"Yes, yes, possibly you have been a little unfortunate. But you must turn over a new leaf now."

"Yes, sir."

"By the way, who was the officer who charged you when the man trud—er—trud on your boot?"

The accused's smile was reproachful.

"Don't you remember?" he said.

### Clarification

"Whether this front continues to hold will depend on two things—on the strength which the enemy is able to build up against it, and on the forces made available to this area."—*The Times*.

"A swarm of locusts passed over Gatooma on Saturday January 23 flying Eastward from Chakari and Golden Valley. Some farms in the district have suffered severely from their deprecations."

From a Rhodesian Paper.

Tut-tut.



"Halt! Who goes there?"

## At the Pictures

### "THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS" (ASTORIA)

As he showed in *Citizen Kane*, ORSON WELLES has a great many new effects at his command, and if strong contrasts of light and shadow, ingenious perspectives and poignant or threatening close-ups could make a masterpiece, *The Magnificent Ambersons* would be one. Unfortunately, no amount of technical ingenuity, though supported by all the resources of Hollywood, can transform banality and false sentiment into their opposites.

The film opens in the eighteenth century in an American town dominated by the Amberson family. *Georgie Minnafer* (TIM HOLT), whose mother is an Amberson, is outrageously spoilt by his parents, and grows up into a self-indulgent overbearing young man. His father dies, and his mother, *Isabel Minnafer* (DOLORES COSTELLO), wishes to marry an old love, *Eugene Morgan* (JOSEPH COTTEN), but is afraid of her son's disapproval. It is perhaps in character that she should bow to *Georgie's* insolent refusal to countenance the marriage, and allow him to take her for a trip round the world, from which she returns at the point of death. Even her abject acceptance, as she lies dying, of *Georgie's* veto on a farewell visit from *Morgan* is in tune with her lifelong submission to his caprice and self-will, but there is no justification for making *Morgan*, who is supposed to be a hard-headed engineer, as spineless with *Georgie* as his mother. No doubt the intention of the producer is to deepen the pathos of *Isabel's* situation; but when *Morgan*, who is experimenting with the invention of an automobile, in reply to *Georgie's* dismissal of horseless carriages as a futile and mischievous novelty meekly confesses to a doubt whether motor-cars will "help man's soul," no one is likely to feel that *Isabel* is losing much in losing *Morgan*. *Georgie's Aunt Fanny*, excellently acted by AGNES MOORHEAD, is more real than the other characters. From Dickens's *Rosa Dartle* onwards the agonies of unloved spinsters have been a convenient safety-valve through which novelists

and dramatists can release an otherwise suppressed desire for verisimilitude. *Aunt Fanny* is in love with *Morgan*, and her alternations of hysterical bitterness and remorse are

do not make a summer if eleven of them are clockwork. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that *Georgie* loses his money, that his sterling qualities are brought out by disaster, and that when the film closes *Morgan* ("true to my true love," as he puts it) is about to give him his daughter and a job in his firm.

### "I MARRIED A WITCH" (LONDON PAVILION)

A witch (VERONICA LAKE), burnt by New England Puritans in the seventeenth century, reappears in modern America to torment *Wallace Wooley* (FREDERIC MARCH), a descendant of the *Thomas Wooley* who had committed her to the flames. Directed by RENÉ CLAIR, the film is full of ingenious effects and amusing situations. Having drunk a love-potion which she had intended for *Wooley*, the witch falls in love with him. He is standing for the governorship of his State, and is about to make an important marriage. On the eve of his wedding he finds the witch in his bed, and from now on things become very difficult for him. He manages to turn up the next day, but the witch's wrecking tactics foil the repeated attempts of the bride and her father to proceed with the wedding ceremony, and *Wooley's* agonized cry to the assembled guests—"Did you never have one of those days when nothing goes right?"—falls on unsympathetic ears. He is now as much in love with the witch as she with him, and they ride away to a house in the country, inhabited, conveniently enough, by a marriage registrar, who makes them man and wife, and by a kindly old woman who provides them with sleeping accommodation. "I'm a witch," the remorseful bride confesses when they are alone, but the enraptured *Wooley* agrees so heartily that she postpones further explanations till the morning. There are more troubles in store for them, but everything ends happily, the unholy elements in the witch, never very obvious, purged by the power of love. H. K.



[The Magnificent Ambersons]

AUNTIE IS REQUESTED TO STAND UP.

Fanny . . . . . AGNES MOORHEAD  
Georgie . . . . . TIM HOLT

convincing, but she gets little support from the others, and a dozen swallows



[I Married a Witch]

SORCERY AND WITCHERY

Daniel . . . . . CECIL KELLAWAY  
Jennifer . . . . . VERONICA LAKE

"A Loving sweet faced black male kitten with white spot on chest and fascinating white tipped tail and a tabby coloured little lady desire a happy home."

Advt. in a South African Paper.  
And companionate marriage?

## The Sale

LIEUTENANT Simpson has now been for three weeks an officer of 3965 Company Pioneer Corps, which consists of several hundred troops of the Walonga tribe, who used to be cannibals and in some cases look, according to Simpson, as if they were still thinking regretfully of auld lang syne.

"I want you to see if you can get the men's canteen going again," said Major Fibbing soon after Simpson arrived. "It's gone out of action lately. Pep the sales up. Make a go of it. It's your first responsible job in the Company, and the way you handle it will show me what you've got in the way of initiative and drive."

The word "canteen" suggested to Simpson a sort of restaurant-place with tea and notices about keeping smiling, but the Major explained that it was not that sort of canteen at all. Just a large box full of soap and boot-polish and envelopes and other goods the soldiers might like to buy.

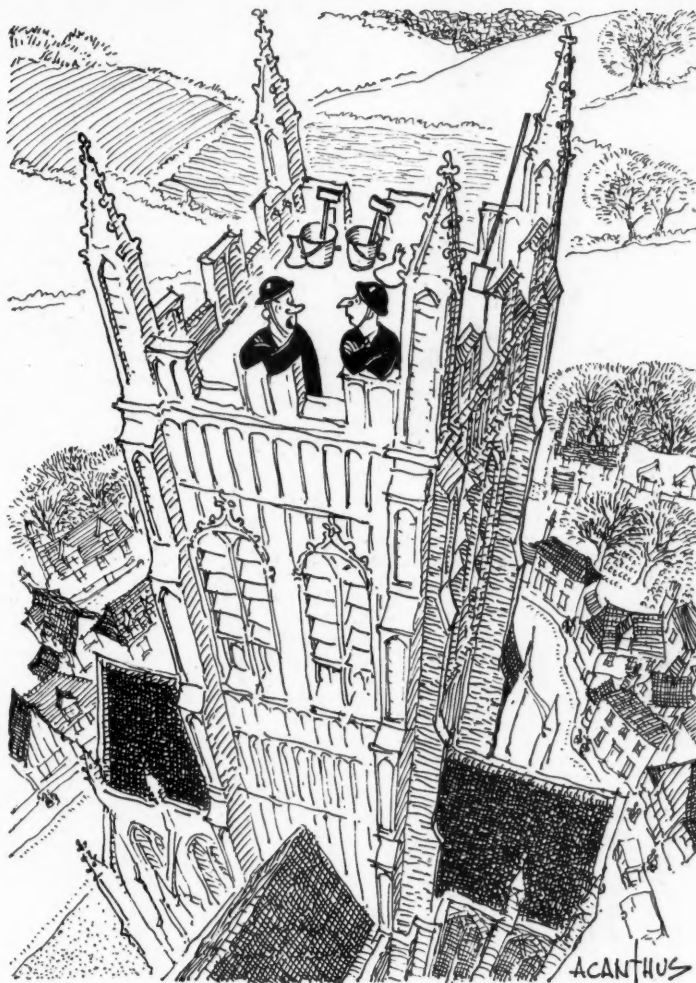
"Have everything ready when the men get back from work at five o'clock," he said, "and get the sergeant-major to announce that the canteen will be open at 5.30. I particularly want you to get rid of as much of the old stock as possible. Some of it has been through two desert campaigns already, and it may be losing its freshness."

The Major went off for the day on business to Cairo, which, he says, is the only place where he can buy really effective ointment for his bad foot, and Simpson set his mind to making a really smashing success of the canteen. He first of all secured the assistance of a mild youth, Private Marko, son of Wulumumbo. He is one of the few soldiers in our Company who speak English.

"Marko," said Simpson, "have we a sign-painter in the camp?" Marko grinned feebly, so Simpson explained that a sign-painter was a man who painted signs. Then he explained what signs were and what paint was, and Marko said, No, there was no sign-painter in the camp.

So Simpson got Marko to translate some phrases into Balonga (the language of the Walongas) and the two of them set to work on some old strips of canvas, with some red paint that Simpson managed to wheedle from the R.E.s.

When the O.C. returned at 1800 hours he had the shock of his life. The usually demure façade of the Company Office tent was transformed.



*"They said I didn't really need a car to get to this job."*

Simpson sat in front of it, behind a table, with Marko by his side. Round them, displayed with an art that showed Marko to have a natural talent for window-dressing, were wares of many kinds, from boot-laces to tinned fruit.

Above the table, suspended after the fashion of banners at a church bazaar, were notices, in Balonga, bearing such legends as: "SPRING SALE NOW ON," "COME EARLY TO AVOID THE RUSH," "NEW SEASON'S STOCK OF BLACKING," "NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER FIRM," "LONGEST LACES IN EGYPT," etc.

Crowds of soldiers were streaming away with their purchases, and a few eager customers were still queued up. Simpson, after wiping his brow, beamed at the Major.

"It's been a marvellous success,"

he said, "and we've sold nearly the whole stock. It just shows what a tremendous effect a bit of modern advertising has on these simple natives."

"I've never found them particularly simple," said Major Fibbing. "What prices have you been charging?"

"The prices on the lid of the box," said Simpson. "It's a pity you had them in pence, because it's taken quite a bit of work to divide them by two and a half to turn them into piastres, but we managed it."

"The prices were in piastres," said the Major, and he and Simpson gazed sadly after the retreating forms of the simple natives, wondering if they would be simple enough either to return their purchases or to pay the difference.





"What would Lord Woolton expect me to have if he was taking me out to dinner?"

## The Phoney Phleet

XIII—H.M.S. "Hobnob"

**L**IEUTENANT Snoot, a crashing snob,  
Commanded H.M.S. *Hobnob*,  
A small destroyer, Chatham manned,  
And therefore, as you'll understand,  
Embracing types who didn't care  
One farthing if he *was* the heir-  
Presumptive to the Ninth Sea Lord.  
He stimulated grave discord  
By haughty orders such as these:  
"Knives—negative, for Eating Peas"  
And "C.O. Not to be addressed  
By Hands, except in Sunday Best,"  
But more than all, what got their goats  
Was that he labelled certain boats  
"For Officers Alone—1st Class—  
Private—Get Out—Keep off the Grass."  
They might have mutinied if Fate  
Had not stepped in, almost too late,  
By stirring up a fearful storm—  
Something so far beyond the norm  
That *Hobnob* was completely wrecked.

Snoot's attitude was quite correct:  
He stayed aboard and watched her sink  
And then stepped calmly in the drink,

Swimming a slow disdainful stroke  
To show he was an up-stage bloke.  
But could he find one single boat,  
A lifebelt, raft or Carley float  
Which bore a "1st Class" label? No;  
Coincidence contrived it so  
They'd all been smashed.

Snoot looked upon

3rd class accommodation  
As something right outside his ken;  
And though his most forgiving men  
Offered to make a place for him  
He said he'd really rather swim.

So all that day and all that night  
He swam along, till he was quite  
Exhausted. Yet the silly ass  
Still jibbed at rescue, if 3rd Class.  
They thought it mightn't hurt his pride  
If he just held the lifeboat's side;  
But no, *that* wouldn't do; and then  
One of the better-spoken men  
Said "Wotcher, Skipper, 'arf a mo,  
Why dontcher take a blinkin' tow?  
Look, 'ere's a line: tag on be'ind!"  
Snoot said "My man, you're more than kind  
But your suggestion will not pass;  
It still connects me to 3rd Class."

At last a Warrant Engineer  
Found the solution. His idea  
Was simple. If they painted out  
The words "3rd Class" he had no doubt  
The captain would get in; and then  
The petty-officers and men  
Would take up station in the drink:  
He couldn't promise, but he'd *think*  
That Snoot would ask them back aboard.  
So it was done.

I must record

That Snoot repented of his ways.  
They were adrift for eighty days  
And he discovered that his crew  
Had better manners than he knew.  
In fact, the way they ate their boots  
Was quite as delicate as Snoot's,  
Nor could he possibly complain  
About their style in drinking rain.  
He noticed that they used their sea  
To wash in, just as much as he,  
And as he jokingly confessed  
They all were equally well-dressed.

In fact he grew to like them so,  
He really didn't want to go  
When someone sent an aeroplane  
(1st Class) to take him home again.  
But thinking of his patient wife,  
His duties in that other life,  
But, most of all, the Ninth Sea Lord,  
He stepped reluctantly aboard.  
But first he gave his new-found friends  
The *sweetest* smile.

The story ends.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

## H. J. Talking

AT one time I had shares in a Turkish bath which reached a very high level of efficiency indeed. It raised the temperature of customers to such an extent that when they came out they could fry eggs on their hands. Often they were quite a different shape, and as a sideline we ran a tailor's shop where they could have their clothes altered while they waited. The chief masseur had once been a human gorilla at a circus, and subsequently played specially reinforced timpani in a band. His name was Eustace the Bloodshot, he having changed it from Smithkins by Deed Poll. He was a source of considerable wealth to us, as customers would boastfully before their friends make appointments with him and then cry off at the last moment, remaining liable for the fee. Thus we could safely give him four appointments at a time. Really he was quite a simple soul whose life's ambition was to be a thought-reading act, but he had never really mastered the technique of this, relying on wild guesses. He would be in the middle of working on a customer when he would suddenly say to him: "You are thinking of what Bernard Shaw would look like without a beard," and if the customer said he wasn't, disappointment added thrust to Eustace the Bloodshot's thumbs. When people got to know this he was usually agreed with and complimented, this fostering his belief in his powers and causing trouble when he jumped to the conclusion that a customer was taking a low view of the Isle of Wight, where his sister had married a side-saddler.

Having shares in things is very gratifying, even if they don't pay dividends, as one can make them crop up in conversation and then say that one happens to be proprietor. I take shares, for example, in firms which are likely to go spectacularly bankrupt, this gaining me much sympathy and kudos. One of my most useful shares is in a Liberian Company which is always trying to get concessions from the London County Council for such things as wulfram mining in the Embankment Gardens. I never have very many shares in any one company, as this would be uneconomical, one's sense of proprietorship not increasing proportionately to the holding. I have a valuable share in a ship called *The Yo! Ho! Ho!* which trades all over the place and is a source of great pride to me, being a very nautical ship indeed, and yet having class, as it carries a salaried passenger for that purpose, Hon. Samuells—Hon. being his Christian name. When we first engaged him he was a master in a preparatory school, where he taught Algebra, English punctuation and the clarinet; he also did the cooking on Fridays.

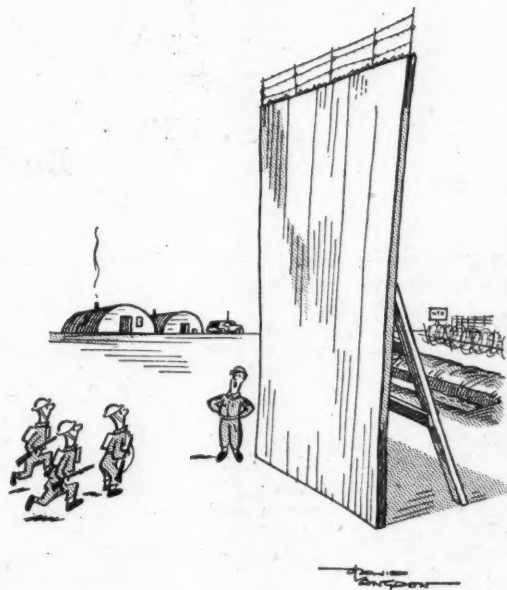
My ship never minded a long trip when there was a cargo to be had. As the captain used to put it, "It all saves harbour dues." It was nothing to him to take a barrel of hair-oil from Bristol to Valparaiso, exchange it there for a cask of cake, take that to New York and pick up in return a sack of electric-light bulbs, and after a voyage to Japan end up at Bristol with a bale of brown paper. Most of the actual profit, however, came from royalties on mention of all this, as an example of trade, in school geography lessons.

There is something about violins which always arouses the worst in me—all that timber, and the actual work being done by a few little wires in the middle. I much prefer a harp, every bit of which is obviously used, and it also has the advantage that both the performer's arms get well stretched, which is obviously good exercise. For this reason also I prefer the trombone to the fife. I have always been on tenterhooks lest my wife should remember I can play the organ and buy one for me, because this is an accomplishment I renounced after an unfortunate incident during

a wedding. I was playing a voluntary (the "Meistersingers" as a change from the eternal "Lohengrin") when I accidentally touched a stop I had never used before. I should explain, by the way, that the instrument had been bought secondhand from a cinema. At once the noise of popping corks began to come from my loft, and the louder I played the more of them there seemed to be.

Among other things which I have never touched again are calculating machines, a friend having once lent me one to do my income-tax on. There were a lot of instructions with it, and we tried to follow them carefully, but what with my inexpert driving and the fact that somewhere inside it there were the last remains of a solicitor's account it had been doing before I had it, it turned out very expensive indeed, and I was years paying off the total tax as a result. It made a curious humming noise for days on end, which considerably disturbed us, and finally we hired a cellar to put it in. In some way it electrified upwards, and affected the boot-scraper which stood outside the front door, so that when visitors scraped their boots it pulled the nails out. Another irritating trick it had was that from time to time a bell rang and a deep base voice from the interior of it said "Brokerage one-eighth."

B. Smith was put on his mettle by this foul engine, and invented a calculating machine of his own which was noiseless and worked with coloured lights. Unfortunately we needed so many bulbs for really large sums that we could not get it all into the laboratory, but only the keyboard, so had to have the answers like a sky-sign on the roof, and that meant taking a room opposite and having someone to sit there and write them down. My wife finally stopped this because, when she was coming home one day, as she turned the corner she saw in front of her, "X=Mrs. Harmony Jenkins: Y=B. Smith," which was a compromising kind of thing to see, though all it was really concerned with was working out the number of cubic centimetres of water each required for a bath.



"Now in the ordinary way, if you came up against an obstacle like this, I dare say the tendency would be to go ROUND it."



"Switch the news on, Norah—if it isn't already on."

## Ball of Fire

(The world's record orange is reported from Spain)

**E'**EN as the sun's majestic orb  
Dips fiercely in the tropic sea  
And should, with any luck, absorb  
The thinker—as, for instance, me,  
So this huge orange ought to shake  
A good song out, and no mistake.

Time was, and not so long ago,  
When the gay fruiterer's window  
smiled  
With oranges, a gallant show,  
And every coster's cart was piled  
High with a red and yellow blend  
That lightened up the place no end.

That day has gone, its tale is told,  
That simple fruit is rarely met,  
And, though I personally hold  
It looked much better than it ate,

'Twas wholesome and, they tell me,  
rich  
In vitamins; I can't say which.

But now there comes a distant  
bruit  
Of a vast specimen in girth  
Some twenty inches, such a fruit  
As never yet was seen on earth,  
And England reaches to the South  
With eager eyes and watering  
mouth.

Hire me, I beg, a secret plane  
And through the smooth and buoyant  
air  
Waft me this pride of sunny Spain  
Marked Fragile, labelled well With  
Care;

Pilot, go easy when you land  
Lest it be bruised, you understand.

It shall be borne from shire to shire,  
From town to town, that all men's  
eyes  
May with an awe-struck gaze admire  
Its glory and momentous size,  
And if some desperado gang  
Attempts to pinch it, they shall  
hang.

So it shall pass, a moving Ball,  
A sign of peaceful days ahead  
When there are oranges for all,  
Yellow, and pale, and hectic red,  
Though personally I repeat  
They look much better than they eat.  
DUM-DUM.





### FROM WAR TO WAR

In commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Royal Air Force.

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Tuesday, March 23rd.**—House of Commons: Rough House.

**Wednesday, March 24th.**—House of Commons: Light for the Ladies with the Lamps.

**Thursday, March 25th.**—House of Commons: Rough House Subsides.

**Tuesday, March 23rd.**—Most really "human" families have their ups and downs. There are rows and peacemakings. There are hard words—and there are things that sweep away all bitterness and weld all into rather husky cheering.

The House of Commons (and your scribe, at least, thanks Providence that it is so human) passes periodically through all the phases of a really live and active family. There are rows—and very graceful peacemakings. There are hard words in plenty, delivered in crisply offensive tones. And, often, there are things that sweep away all bitterness.

We had most of the emotions to-day.

Mr. CHURCHILL was there again, acting as Leader of the House, and in fine form. He deals with hecklers in much the same way as a good-tempered lion deals with an extremely small cub—just rolls them over and, when necessary, stops the overplayfulness with a well-aimed cuff on the ear.

This was the fate of Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, who rather fancies his own swift and biting wit. His hearty (if ironic) laughter has often upset the oratory of an hon.—or even right hon.—Member opposite. But to-day he had to sit, considerably disconcerted, while first the Prime Minister, and then (gentle readers will never guess in a hundred years) Miss ELEANOR RATHBONE, beat him up.

Of the two beatings-up, Miss RATHBONE's was perhaps the more effective. Certainly it was the more unexpected.

This is how it all happened. Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN had discovered that Captain RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, the Prime Minister's son, and M.P. for Preston, had from his active service station in Africa, written a letter to the *Evening Standard* on the subject of the political situation in French North Africa. This (curiously enough to one so given to contention) seemed to Mr. BEVAN to be very wrong. He said so,

in a speech to-day, arguing that King's Regs. were King's Regs., and that they were meant to be obeyed—or at any rate disobeyed by all, if by one. So he wanted a statement.

The late Lord BIRKENHEAD was once overheard to announce (supposedly *sotto voce*) in the House of Lords that he would crimson-well reply to an importunate questioner. Mr. CHURCHILL seemed to be muttering something of the same sort as he waited for his turn. It came, and the Premier went to the Table, opening a formidable wad of notes as he went.

He then proceeded to carry out an

across the Atlantic—for Mr. ROOSEVELT has four sons serving in the Forces.

Smiling a thought ruefully, Mr. CHURCHILL said that the honourable and gallant Member for Preston takes his own line.

Anyway, the present position was that any serving officer or man (in the Army, at any rate) could write letters or articles to the Press on non-military subjects provided that they were not intended to further the objects of a political Party. But, he added, if too many turned their energies from the sword to those of the pen the War Office would have to tighten up the rules.

That seemed to be that. But as Members gathered up their papers to go home (and Mr. BEVAN sat looking a little bewildered) Miss RATHBONE, clutching an armful of loose papers, and with a wisp of white hair escaping from her ample hat, rose. Fixing the back of Mr. BEVAN's reddening neck with a firm gaze, Miss RATHBONE remarked that he had a vicious and venomous dislike of the Prime Minister.

Mr. CHURCHILL sat up, clearly wondering what was coming. Mr. BEVAN sat up, clearly wondering what had come. Neither had long to wait.

It was execrable bad taste, said Miss RATHBONE, for Mr. BEVAN to do something to embarrass and give pain to the Prime Minister just after his return from a long illness, and when he had been on a long journey on the business of the nation. Mr. BEVAN filled her with disgust and loathing.

By this time the House was enjoying it. Mr. CHURCHILL beamed; Mr. BEVAN did not.

A "cattish display of feline malice," the hon. lady remarked, almost gently, as she sat down to applause that would have satisfied the most self-centred of leading ladies.

Mr. BEVAN did not join in. He was (for once) silent.

Earlier in the day there had been cheers of quite a different ring for performances of quite a different order.

Sir IAN FRASER, who gave his sight to his country in the last war, delivered an oration that would have been remarkable even for Mr. CHURCHILL himself. It was a moving plea for the best that the country can bestow on those who give their lives, limbs and health for us all.

And then Lady AFSLEY, from the



MISS ELEANOR RATHBONE AND MR. ANEURIN BEVAN

operation known in boxing (and Tunisian) circles as "knocking for six." He was bitterly sarcastic about Mr. BEVAN's studious courtesy in addressing the question about his son's letter to him and not to the proper quarter, the War Minister. Mr. BEVAN remarked, comparatively dispassionately, that it seemed no use giving the Prime Minister any personal courtesies at all.

Mr. CHURCHILL had not noticed any particular surfeit of this (allegedly free) commodity, and did not precisely offer Mr. BEVAN the traditional three bags full. If the letter had been written by some other Member, said he, Mr. BEVAN would not have noticed it. He pointed out a larger target for Mr. BEVAN's polemical torpedoes,



"I've come to explain to your men the various benefits they'll receive under this new plan called Magna Charta."

wheeled-chair to which an accident years ago condemned her, made her maiden speech. It, too, was a plea for those who have lost most that makes life worth the living. She quoted SHAKESPEARE'S words: "Let thy dauntless mind Still ride in triumph over all mischance." She said: "We must help the injured to get rid of the invalid, cripple complex."

In both she set a shining example.

**Wednesday, March 24th.**—Mr. CHURCHILL struck a sober note of warning for the over-optimistic on the big battle raging in Tunisia. He said we had had a setback. But there was no mistaking the optimism in his own tones, cautious as they were.

The House then proceeded to deal with the Nurses Bill, which gives the Ladies With the Lamps a little of the recognition and status due to them.

**Thursday, March 25th.**—Another human touch crept into the proceedings to-day. The Committee stage of the Catering Wages Bill was about to begin when Mr. CHURCHILL made some

reference to heat and bitterness. Sir DOUGLAS HACKING, leader of the objectors to that measure, looked pained. Then he rose and gravely inquired whether the Prime Minister would accept his assurance that "the right hon. gentleman the Member for the Chorley Division of Lancashire" was incapable of heat or bitterness.

Hastily consulting his mental reference book and discovering that Sir

DOUGLAS was doing a *Jekyll and Hyde* act, Mr. CHURCHILL hastened to offer graceful assurances that no offence was meant and he hoped none would be taken.

Sir DOUGLAS bowed, the Premier bowed, everybody bowed.

And that, really, set the tone of the whole debate, on which lovers of a bonny fecht had set such store.

There was a division on an amendment, to be sure, but a very polite and mild one. Members expressed opposition to various things the Government wanted—but, oh! so gently. In fact the thing went nearly as merrily as could be expected.

Very likely, it will go on like that to the end of the Committee stage . . . very likely. Or will it?

o o

"MAN, one hour five nights per week, to keep order in milk bar."

Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."

Should be able to cow.

**WE** regret to learn of the death of Mr. G. Jennis, who contributed drawings to *Punch* for about thirteen years. The first appeared on September 25th 1912, and the last on October 15th 1924. He was well-known as an etcher, but his work in the paper had much of the quality and distinction of the wood-cut.



## Little Talks

IT'S astonishing how much one's forgotten.

*Bacon-and-eggs, for example.*

No, I was thinking of things like—well, take Roumania.

*What about it?*

Well, do you remember that at one time we boldly guaranteed the integrity of Roumania?

*But the Roumanians have been fighting against us for years!*

I know. Anyhow, we did. In fact I've a sort of feeling that was our first war-gesture. Or was it Poland?

*Poland, surely. We guaranteed the integrity of Poland in—*

*When?*

*Go on.*

I forget, too. About March, I think. March 1938.

*No, '9.*

You're right. 1939.

*And Roumania was about a month later. At least, that's my bet.*

If you tried it on the first fifty people in the Strand you'd make a lot of money. But I should make sure first.

*It was about the same time as we passed conscription.*

I suppose it was. I remember that night vividly, because I was at Oxford.

*Why Oxford?*

Well, on the night the House of Commons was discussing the first general resolution in favour of conscription—

*Hore-Belisha's?*

Yes. By a queer chance the Oxford Union had a full-dress debate on the same subject—just a simple motion: "That this House is in favour of Conscription," or something like that.

*What happened?*

It was carried—by a large majority.

*Jolly good show!*

Yes. That night, long before the war, without any lead from Parliament, those boys voted that they themselves should be conscripted. And when people think it necessary to dig up the old "King and Country" debate I wish they'd sometimes remember the other one as well.

*Do you remember a man called Hess?*

Yes. What an excitement he was! I'll bet you don't remember when he came.

*Last year, wasn't it? '42. About January.*

Oh, no. Hess popped over in May 1941—May 10th, the night of that big air-raid on London.

*Gracious! Nearly two years ago. He must be beginning to wonder whether his journey was really necessary.*

And nobody, except a few at the top, has a notion what it was all about. I still think he couldn't stand the sight of Hitler's face a minute longer.

*I still think bacon-and-eggs is a happier memory. People used to say: "Will you have one egg or two?"*

Do you remember what a mess the Goebbels Gang got themselves into? First of all they said Hess had been mad for years. Then they remembered he'd been Hitler's right-hand man all the time. Then they said he was an idealist and had fits of flying about on missions or something. Then—

*Two! Just think of it!*

*Two what?*

*Eggs. Two round, ruddy, rejuvenating—*

Shut up! I suppose really it was something to do with the attack on Russia.

*But that was the year before, wasn't it?*

No. You never seem to be less than a year out. Hitler attacked Russia in 1941—July, I think.

*No, it was June. I know, because it was about then I had my last poached egg—*

*You and your eggs!*

*It's a very serious subject. I regard the egg as one of the supreme wonders of the world and Nature's noblest service to Man. Where else do you see such rich and varied treasure so neatly and economically stored? Its very shape is one of the prime significant forms. It ought to be one of the national emblems. It should rank with the crown, the anchor, and so on. It should be used in architecture—*

*Egg-pillars?*

*Why not? I can imagine stupendous buildings entirely constructed on the egg principle. After all, the dome is only the top half of an egg. I think we should be logical and use the bottom half too. Things like museums, libraries—*

*Can you remember the blitz?*

*That was after the Egg Age, wasn't it?*

*The Egg Age?*

*Stone Age—Machine Age—Motor Age—Cinema Age—Radio Age—Egg Age—Fish Age; those are the real periods in the life of man. All this footling stuff about Roumania and Hess doesn't matter a—*

Well, when did the Egg pass out of normal life? Or Fish?

*As a matter of fact I can't remember exactly. But I know—*

I find I can't remember the London blitz. Of course I remember it—but somehow I can't believe it. How the people stood it—night after night

—week after week—month after month—

*And no eggs.*

That filthy noise going off every evening—

*And going on till the morning!*

I know. That's a thing people forget. The modern breed of raid must be frightful—but it's soon over.

*One simply settled down to it. After a few weeks one could scarcely remember any other sort of night.*

One night I saw Waterloo Bridge and Charing Cross Bridge on fire at the same time. And that's a sight few citizens can remember. The new Waterloo Bridge was festooned with timber then, and I thought it would be the most spectacular blaze of the war.

*What happened?*

The fire-fellows—land and water—had both fires out in a quarter of an hour.

*Jolly good show!*

You're telling—as they say—me! Those boys were marvellous.

*Do you remember how one used to arrive late at a country hotel, or somewhere, and ask if there was any food, and somebody would say, apologetically: "Only breakfast dishes, I'm afraid." "Only"! "Only" bacon and eggs! "Only" pork sausages and mash!*

*And kidneys.*

*Gosh!—yes! I'd forgotten about kidneys. Kidneys on toast.*

Can you make the remotest guess at the date of the Atlantic Charter?

*Not the least idea.*

*Was America at war?*

*Yes, of course. No. Yes. I dunno.*

No. She wasn't. And there's another thing it's hard to remember. How old Roosevelt nursed the lads along. The stages of it. The patience of it. Always a step ahead of 'em, but pretending he was pushed. One of the top-jobs of the war.

*What year was all that?*

Well, it all came to a head in 1941. Lease-Lend, I think, was in January. Atlantic Charter was August. Russia came in in June, and the United States in December. A big year for Axis diplomacy.

*Extraordinary. Two years before we got an Ally that mattered.*

Ah, no. America was mattering long before she came in. Still, it's odd, as you say. Looking back—we were just as confident those first two years as we are to-day—in some ways more so.

*We had more eggs.*

A. P. H.

## Captaincy

I HAVE just been looking over our fixture-list for the coming season. It reads:

May 29th v. Ixtholme (Home)  
June 12th v. Ixtholme (Away)  
June 26th v. Ixtholme (Home)  
July 3rd v. Ixtholme (Away)  
August 14th v. Ixtholme (Lord's)

It is not a particularly attractive card, but one (in these difficult times) that reflects great credit upon the secretary. Of course the last match will be played only if the previous matches end with honours even. If the necessary permission from the M.C.C. is forthcoming—we have offered ten per cent. of all gate receipts as a bait—some such arrangement will no doubt be made.

We who are left to keep cricket alive have an enormous responsibility. If during this painful interregnum we allow any of the finer points of the game to slip through our fingers we fail in our duty. That is why our stock-taking should be mental as well as material.

I believe that the most important part of a captain's work is done before the season commences. First of all he has to decide upon the batting-order. This should be written but inflexible, and should be published as soon as possible after last year's subscriptions have been collected. The captain's own position in the list should reconcile various contingencies. In my case these are:

- (1) The likelihood of Jones being out in time for me to use my own bat.
- (2) The inadvisability of being left to play a captain's innings.
- (3) The desirability (or otherwise) of being run-out by young Congreve.
- (4) The position of the tea-interval.

The batting-order should never be upset. Once the season is under way any demand for revision will lack statistical support and will appear rather ridiculous.

The placing of the field should cause no trouble. It is purely a personal problem for each member of the team. The captain himself should be close enough to the wicket to reprimand the bowler for making rude comments to an adamant umpire, but should of course be far enough away to see the game whole. May I suggest two positions which I have always found useful? One is at point (the square-cut is a lost art) and the other immediately behind the square-leg umpire.

The next thing is to decide upon the four bowlers. These should be worked with unfailing regularity in shifts of four overs each. Precision in the manipulation of the attack is most important. If the speed merchant (who bowls medium-paced long-hops) takes wickets on his shift and is kept on, the googly merchant (who bowls medium-paced long-hops) will protest bitterly that he too *could* have taken wickets, and will not stand his round. Quite apart from all this there is nothing quite like the taking-off of a successful bowler to add a *cachet* to the captain's work.

Some captains believe in having an over or two themselves when leather-hunting becomes unpleasantly perpetual, but the practice is not to be recommended. It causes friction among team-mates and stiffness between the shoulder-blades. The only point in its favour is that it relieves the captain of a certain amount of leather-hunting.

While in general conditions are very satisfactory at Medlip this year, there are two items of news which will cause regret among our supporters. The first is that we have lost those towers of strength the poplars at the Vicarage

end. No one will mourn the loss of these fine trees more than P. C. Tubb, who has tended and nursed them for many years. Without the poplars for a background the high trajectory of his deliveries will be pointless. The vandalism is all the more regrettable since it is the work of a highly respected Dominion. It is a pity that cricket is not played more often in Canada.

The second misfortune arises from the committee's generosity and misinformation regarding the future of the Ixtholme Club. Last December it appeared certain that our nearest rivals would be unable to raise a team in 1943. With the rest of our fixtures cancelled by problems of transport we felt bound to contribute our roller to the Medlip Salvage Drive. Its absence will cause still further deterioration in our wickets, but the contretemps is not without its compensation. It means that I shall be excused what is undoubtedly the principal duty of captains of Medlip.

Oliver C. Twist

"Let us hope that we shall have enough guts to say, in the best Cromwellian fashion, 'Take away that Bumble.'"—Local Paper.



"It's the chef's birthday, so we're putting banana jelly with cream on the menu. Remember to say it's 'off'."

## At the Revivals

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE" (CAMBRIDGE)  
"THE WELL OF THE SAINTS" (ARTS)

POSSIBLY to attain to real relish, real appreciation, real comprehension of Mr. SHAW's *Heartbreak House* it is necessary to achieve whatever *Captain Shotover* meant by his "seventh degree of concentration." That old gentleman says in the course of the play that he cannot keep up a continuous train of thought. Can this be an example of self-criticism on the part of Mr. SHAW the playwright, at least so far as *Heartbreak House* is concerned? The nautical patriarch in this play declares himself to be eighty-eight years old. It is, of course, a mere coincidence that Mr. SHAW will be eighty-eight next year! All the same it is an amusing and noteworthy coincidence. And it is pointed by the fact that the Captain is the single character in this heartbreak-household who has been given the roundness of a genuine vitality.

He has a great speech which begins: "A man's interest in the world is only the overflow of his interest in himself. When you are a child your vessel is not yet full; so you care for nothing but your own affairs. When you grow up, your vessel overflows; and you are a politician, a philosopher, or an explorer and adventurer. In old age the vessel dries up: there is no overflow: you are a child again. . . ." This characteristic utterance is a piece of Mr. SHAW's wisdom. It may not in this instance be very profound or original wisdom, but it is a piece of wisdom all the same, and it is expressed with serious care and beauty of phrasing. We cannot help suggesting that this, like most of *Shotover*, is the deep-down human being in Mr. SHAW emerging. There is in the character the same hint of a boundless spirit of laughter at all things. The same sudden strange note of the prophet Jeremiah deploring human weakness. The same quick mythological twist to a semblance of old Triton blowing his wreathed horn. *Shotover* booms immortally (and Mr. DONAT in the revival at the Cambridge

makes us revel as much as he obviously enjoys revelling himself); his very banalities have a hint of the sublime; his very silences have grandeur.

But not even a splendid cast (it contains Mesdames EDITH EVANS, ISABEL JEANS, and DEBORAH KERR as well as Messrs. GEORGE MERRITT, J. H. ROBERTS, FRANCIS LISTER, and PHILIP GODFREY) can make us think that all those other personages are anything other than figments, ciphers, mouthpieces, and Aunt Sallies made of sawdust and painted cloth. They



THE CAPTAIN KEEPS ALOOF.

Ellie Dunn . . . . .	MISS DEBORAH KERR
Boss Mangan . . . . .	MR. GEORGE MERRITT
Captain Shotover . . . . .	MR. ROBERT DONAT
Mazzini Dunn . . . . .	MR. J. H. ROBERTS
Hesione Hushabye . . . . .	MISS EDITH EVANS

have even more than the usual aridity of Shavian minor characters. They often say engaging things (things like *Lady Utterword's* division of society into two classes, the equestrian and the neurotic), and they always speak more or less in character. But they do not begin to be alive as the people in *A Month in the Country* are alive: that is to say in the Turgenyevian or Tchekhovian manner which Mr. SHAW presumably had in mind when he wrote this play, since he specifically calls it "a fantasy in the Russian manner on English themes."

They sit around and talk—about an hour too long, as so often happens in the Shavian drama. They discuss each one his particular subject, for

which each one has been inserted into the play like a peg into a cribbage-board. Money-making, and love, and the cosmos—the conversation rambles on. A burglar interrupts it only to give it a new speculative turn in the Second Act. A semi-mystical air-raid gives it a fillip in the Third. "It ought to be called Scatterbrain House," exclaimed Walkley on the morning after the original first-night in 1921. "Or—if Peacock were not in the way—Crotchet Castle." The great critic proceeded to examine the play's crotchets a shade impatiently, and in the end allowed the ancient sea captain to be "not only good fun, but a sage with a philosophy that is not to be sneezed at." *Shotover* seems much more than that to us to-day. He has, indeed, one remark which is sempiternal humanity, or philosophy suddenly turning touchingly human (and Mr. DONAT could possibly be persuaded to give this moment a little more emphasis and isolation). It is his rejoinder to the young girl when she exclaims what a vile world it all is: "It doesn't concern me—I'm nearly out of it!" As for those love-wranglings of *Hesione* and *Ariadne*, the Captain's daughters, it is Walkley again who has pronounced better than any subsequent reviewer: "Love in Mr. SHAW's plays is never anything but philandering. You cannot take it seriously, for the lovers do not take it seriously themselves."

By any standards, and especially in direct comparison with the above considered aerated fantasia of a play, SYNGE's tiny taut Two-Act tragi-comedy, *The Well of the Saints*, is a masterpiece. An aged couple of beggars, man and woman, blind from childhood, have their sight restored to them. They find nothing but disillusion in a seen world. Their sight dims again, and they refuse a further healing from the priest who worked the miracle. Light for them has proved comfortless. For its ironic—almost savagely ironic—impact, for the endless magic of its rich language (beautifully spoken by an all-Irish cast headed by Mr. W. G. FAY and Miss MAUREEN MOORE), and above all for its coherence and concentration, this play is to be seen and admired. A. D.



*Ah, the English!*

DEAR UNCLE JAMES,— Southern Patagonia is, as you say, such a *long way* from England, and of course I quite understand that you feel rather out of the war, in a way, and I shall be only too glad to try to give you a complete picture of the European situation, if that's what you want.

Well, Uncle James, you really would hardly know poor old Nether Trumpington nowadays. For one thing, the shops simply don't open till ten o'clock (A.M.) because they haven't got anything to sell. Of course the queues start forming up long before that. I was waiting for fish nearly an hour this morning and when I got it, honestly, you couldn't have put a name to it. Not that I mean one isn't prepared for anything, so long as we finish the war this year.

Aunt Aggie is perfectly brilliant, I must say. She turned up the other day with half a pound of peppermint creams, two ruled writing pads, and a copy of *War and Peace* by Tolstoy!

Poor Mrs. Batter hasn't had any help in the house for nearly a year, and the maids at The Laurels have gone, and Elizabeth Eggworth is holding on like mad to her old charwoman, who has the most fearful temper and *takes* things, but as Elizabeth says, What does that matter so long as she *stays*?

I still carry on with the salvage, and I must say in some ways things get more difficult every day. I don't know if you remember a man called Colonel Lupin who came to live at Mount Lauderdale about eight years ago? He lets us use his barn for sorting the salvage, and he and Sarah Hopsley-Smith are practically not on speaking terms, and wherever one of them puts the sacks, the other *always* moves them somewhere else.

Sarah is such a friend of mine that I'm really *distressed* at her unpopularity with the salvage people, who, after all, are *voluntary*. They all, or *practically* all, want the badges to be red on a blue ground, and Sarah, for no known reason, is sticking out for blue on a red ground. I don't know how it's all going to end, but it's making the most frightful amount of bad feeling.

Another difficulty is about dogs' meat, which is almost unobtainable. As Herbert says, the Government really ought to do something about it.

Herbert keeps very well, only, as he says, some of the things he is expected



"Heavens! what's all that?"

*"Well, dear, Sound A was obviously the last of our Venetian glass; next—Sound B—an ejaculation from Emma; and now—Sound C—dustpan and broom."*

to do are really unreasonable for a man of his age, and of course he misses his poached eggs for breakfast.

I really must stop now, because I've been told of a woman who says she's got a spare enamel saucenpan that she's perfectly willing to exchange for a really *good* portable gramophone, and by the most extraordinary luck I found ours the other day, although I quite thought we'd given it away long ago because it was out of order. So I

think now I can get it on my bicycle as far as the bus-stop and then trust to getting a lift after I leave the bus, as it would really be worth *anything* to get a saucepan.

So no more about the war for the moment, dear Uncle James, but I'll let you know how it all gets on, *without fail*. Love from us all.

ELVIRA.

*P.S.*—Splendid about Tunisia, isn't it?



"One ounce of this dehydrated extract mixed with one ounce of pure ether produces a liquid indistinguishable from water."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Sir Stephen Tallents

AUTOBIOGRAPHERS vary, and the autobiography of Sir STEPHEN TALLENTS (*Man and Boy*, FABER, 21/-) has little in common with the self-revelations of St. Augustine, Bunyan and Rousseau. In his preface he discusses the motives behind his book, and comes to the conclusion that it was not entered upon in the hope of immortalizing his memory, or to escape from an anxious present into a tranquil past, or to record the fluctuations of his inner life, but as a narrative of outer events the task of reducing which to some sort of order and rhythm would be a welcome change from official work, and might prove, when completed, financially profitable to himself and of some use to younger people. He speaks also of the satisfaction he has felt in "doing justice, here and there, to fellow workers who, in this rough and inequitable world, have had less than justice done to them." It must, however, be admitted that, among the persons Sir STEPHEN TALLENTS singles out for appreciation, one would look in vain for anyone conspicuously ill-treated or flagrantly neglected by the world. The dominant impression left by these reminiscences of Harrow and Balliol, of the Board of Trade, the Irish Guards and the Ministry of Munitions is of a world in which there are no misfits, and in which each man finds his level without pain to others or discomfort to himself. Such appears to have been Sir STEPHEN's own experience, and it is therefore no reflection on his sincerity that he pictures life in this way.

The book drags a little in places, but there is much of interest in it, especially in the chapters dealing with the author's adventures as British Commissioner in 1919 and 1920 for the Baltic Provinces, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. These states had emerged out of the war, but neither

the Germans nor the Bolsheviks were allowing them to settle down into any kind of tranquillity. Between the Germans, the Bolsheviks and the warring factions in the Baltic Provinces, Colonel TALLENTS, as he then was, had a complicated job. At one stage the Foreign Office, although they were supporting him with nothing but a destroyer, which was not much use to him in his inland wanderings, expressed themselves greatly dissatisfied with his progress, but the final verdict was delivered by a German many years later—"England had achieved all that she set out to achieve."

H. K.

#### Hog and Hominy

Except for its pleasant Creole cookery, the pre-war cuisine of the U.S.A. suffered, like our own, from a plethora of materials and a lack of refined palates. When a simple continental dish got acclimatized, it tended to become more elaborate and less idiosyncratic; and that, as well as the present shortage, is probably why Mr. AMBROSE HEATH has kept mainly to the bucolic tradition of New England in compiling his *Simple American Dishes* (FABER, 3/6). Bacon, potatoes and cheese are his staples; though there are some really heartening puddings—especially apple—and a few new vegetable dishes. (One notes with interest that the Brussels sprout, whose recurrence over here had such a dispiriting effect on Mrs. Roosevelt, is camouflaged in the States with celery-sauce.) It is, however, the bacon-cheese-potato gamut that inspires Mr. HEATH's most *coloratura* flights. Bacon-fat plays an emollient part in otherwise baconless dishes; cheese nestles succulently in rashers; potatoes are ubiquitous. Homely American specialties—like Boston Baked Beans, Apple Pan Dowdy and the Baking-powder Biscuit which is America's usual lid for chicken-pie—are given with all the clarity and verve of an expert. (It is probably his printer who has got away with "snippet" for "sippet.")

H. P. E.

#### Antonin Dvorak

To mark the centenary of the birth of the great Czech composer *Antonin Dvorak*, a group of eminent musicians of this country have produced a volume of essays on his work (LINDSAY DRUMMOND, 8/6), but from the tangle of varying and often conflicting opinions expressed in it no very clear portrait of Dvorak's musical personality emerges. Instead we have the images of about a dozen minds reflected in the mirror of his music. One writer sees in Dvorak a technical master, another sees almost nothing but "miscalculations"; he is a natural classic in the eyes of one, and "primarily nationalistic" to the other; and so on. The most distinguished essay is that by the late Dr. H. C. Colles on the operas, which fills one with curiosity to hear such works as *Dmitri* and *Rusalka* (will Sadlers Wells please note?); but though the rest are of very unequal merit the book will have achieved its object if it reminds concert-givers that this great composer, from whose imagination entrancing melody poured forth in an unending stream, produced many treasures other than the "New World Symphony," a hackneyed "Humoresque" and "Songs My Mother Taught Me," and that we should like to hear them oftener.

D. C. B.

#### Mansion into Hospital

Once again the country-house adapts itself to hospital conditions—but this time with nothing like the last war's chances of subsequent survival. If only, you feel, these hard-working people in uniform had had an interim policy

of plain living and high thinking—before the plain living was enforced and the high thinking too difficult to improvise—they would be much-needed bastions of aristocracy now; the inarticulate land would have its advocates against the clamorous town; and such dispiriting little cliques as those described by Miss CAROLA OMAN as existing *Somewhere in England* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 8/6) would have vanished for good. Not that Miss OMAN has a poor notion of her "county." On the contrary, they are extremely pleased with themselves, and their creator can hardly do too much for them. She depicts a kindly hostess existing on the remainder biscuit of the Victorian tradition, and a handful of young nurses who have definitely renounced this untoothsome staple; and she draws two separate pictures of their mainly off-time activities—the first seen by a dazzled ingénue on the staff, the second from the angle of the hostess herself. An air-raid on the nearest town introduces welcome new blood (if one may so callously put it) into this somewhat esoteric circle.

H. P. E.

### Pride of the Regiment

Miss STELLA GIBBONS says of her new book, *Ticky* (LONGMANS, 7/6), "I wrote it to please myself and it is meant to be funny." Well, it *is* funny and it should please everybody: apart from these facts and except for the beautiful little word-landscapes that the author bestows as charmingly and irrelevantly as an old Italian painter, it is as different from *Cold Comfort Farm* and its successors as anything could be. For here we have all the glitter and "Good-Gadding of a crack Victorian regiment, quartered in a Crystal Palace of a club where horse-drawn trams run between pathways of richest crimson pile carpet." At one end of the grounds is the "Waiters' Pleasure Gardens," as mad a place as the garden *Alice* entered. The plot, or part of it, centres round the Colonel's plan to annex this land as a parade-ground; but the book is a frolic, not dependent on plot but on nicely-mad situations, incongruous love-affairs and skits who represent characters. The waiters are almost sub-human and the Colonel is an old-block blend of lion and lamb: his pride is the regiment, yet he greets cats with—"What ails you, puss?" In fact Miss GIBBONS is at her very best, and what could be better than that?

B. E. B.

### Huss and Hitler

Clearly it must have been a hard life—"covering" Central Europe for the International News Service, at the head of which in Berlin stood Mr. PIERRE HUSS for the eight very hectic years preceding Japan's attack on America. In *Heil! and Farewell* (HERBERT JENKINS, 12/6) he gives us the story of them. "It got on your nerves, this life with the Nazis," he confesses, and we can well believe it, especially towards the end, when the U.S.A. had almost usurped the place of Britain as Public Enemy No. 1. Mr. HUSS begins his book with an account of his first interview with Hitler in 1935, when the Fuehrer was wintering in his Alpine chalet on the Obersalzberg, above Berchtesgaden, waiting for the result of the plebiscite on the return of the Saar to the Fatherland: he closes it with his final interview a week before he sailed, at G.H.Q. on the Russian Front. The two interviews provide a striking contrast. At the first the Fuehrer was almost friendly, not above displaying his skill with a Lueger automatic at snowballs tossed into the air for him by the journalist who had come to see how he took the Saar triumph. At the final interview, a month before Germany declared war on America, our author declares that he "sensed the fear

nibbling upon his strange mystic soul" when the stage of bombast and boasting was over. In between these two interviews can be found a lot of interesting matter, told brightly in the very latest brand of American journalese—visits to Greece and Russia, stories of Goebbels and Goering and other high-lights in the Nazi hierarchy, and in particular the story of Rudolf Hess, ingeniously pieced together from various sources. Mr. HUSS was probably on better terms with the Nazi officials than most of his colleagues: his book is full of interesting information and more exciting than most novels.

L. W.

### In Search of . . . ?

When Mr. H. V. MORTON was invited by the Minister of Information to undertake a mysterious voyage to an entirely unspecified destination he was as much in the dark as the officers of the *Prince of Wales*, whose guesses ranged from "Taking Hess back to Germany" to "Taking Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies to Dakar." How well the momentous secret was kept is told in the opening pages of *Atlantic Meeting* (METHUEN, 6/-), which describes with all its author's accustomed zest and skill what he justly terms "the most dramatic personal encounter of the War." A brief—a very brief—run ashore at Placentia Bay and another in Iceland provide Mr. MORTON with an opening for the exercise of his well-known flair for places. But it is with two of the principals in the drama that he is chiefly concerned. The first of these is of course Mr. Churchill—of Mr. Roosevelt the author had no more than glimpses—enjoying himself "like a boy let out of school," watching films in the ward-room, entering into the spirit of being photographed with American sailors, exchanging signals with an Atlantic convoy, always cheerful, indomitable, unwearied. The other actor is the great ship herself in which the historic voyage was made—in the full pride of her strength and speed, and not yet overshadowed by any premonition of the tragic end so soon to be hers.

C. F. S.



"Now grasp the mantelpiece firmly in both hands, lean well back. . . . Now get up and replace the mantelpiece."





*"You just go back 'ome, 'Enery Tuppitt—all the village knows your journey ain't necessary."*

### More Collected Essays of J. Pope Clugston

#### TIME AND ANIMALS

I HAVE a friend who lives in a remote spot, and every afternoon at two o'clock an eagle flies along the shore outside his windows. Of course many creatures have an uncanny sense of time, but it does seem rather wonderful of them to realize that we have Daylight Saving. Without Daylight Saving it would not be two o'clock.

#### MORE ABOUT ANIMALS

Everyone knows how generous and self-sacrificing a dog can be. But somehow or other I have never seen a dog show any real sign that he is worried about taking more than his share of the heat from a grate. Indeed, I have seen large dogs block the fire completely.

Little do they realize what damage they are doing to their carefully built-up reputation.

#### CANNIBALS

Now that the Solomon Islands have been in the news so long, a good deal of interest attaches to ex-cannibals who still inhabit those regions. On one of the islands lives an old man who gave up cannibalism long before his neighbours. He did not merely change from one meat to another, but became a vegetarian. At convivial gatherings he was apt to feel out of things, naturally, but he soon discovered that his conscience was only too glad to permit him to eat wigs and toupees, which he converted into a kind of bird's-nest soup.

#### EPICS

A chap came up to me the other day and said "Do you want to see the greatest film ever made, the most glamorous, clamorous, and entirely amorous epic ever released? It will chill you, thrill you, fill you, and eventually kill you. You'll love it. It will tear your heart out and harden your arteries at regular prices. It will take your breath away and pump it through our modern ventilating plant. This picture is the most thundering, dazzling, gripping, blood-thirsty, bestial, tender-hearted, hysterical, cheering, howling, charming, groaning picture of nit-witted mother-love ever filmed. Do you want to know where to find it?" So I said yes, I did, rather, and he said it was at every

cinema in the country every night of the year.

#### SOCIOLOGY

Sociologists are beginning to abandon the idea that if there were no criminal law there could be no crime. Even without the law, people would cling to the custom of referring to the criminal's little inadvertences as crimes, and it would take generations to break down these totemisms and taboos. Instead, the wise sociologist concentrates on the idea that crime does not pay. Some criminals reply that if their crime does not pay it probably means they are in the wrong sort of crime. The hardest ones to deal with, however, are the ones who reply that they are not interested in material gain.

#### BACK TO ANIMALS AGAIN

I seldom waste very much time in wishing that animals could talk. Most of them get on well enough as it is. Take the skunk, for example; he never utters a word, yet he conveys a general impression. Of course if fleas could talk they might have some interesting remarks to make about kindness and fair-play. Many humanitarian societies devote practically all their time to ridding dogs of fleas. Is this fair to the fleas? It is this kind of partisanship which impedes progress.

#### HUSBANDRY

People's wives frequently say that their husbands are not the men they took them for. Yet do they ever put them back where they found them? No. It is untidy, to say the least. And speaking of wives, an excellent way to keep your wife from being cross before breakfast is to eat your breakfast the night before.

#### TAXES

When there are no longer any incomes there won't be much point in an income-tax. But suggestions for other taxes should be made at once. We must plan in advance. Perhaps we could have a competition with prizes for the funniest tax, the most beautiful tax, the most original tax, and the biggest tax.

#### LION TRAINERS

A lion trainer's life is much easier than is commonly imagined. For example, when he gets sick and sees black spots before his eyes, he may think he is seeing leopards as long as he looks at the females. But a glance at the males will show his mistake, for the males have all that stuff round their necks.

#### DAISY WINE

According to my cookery-book, daisy

wine is fit to drink one month after it is made. This may merely mean that you might as well drink it then, since it never gets any better, but at least it proves that a daisy is quicker than it looks.

#### MORE ABOUT WIVES

A friend of mine is always complaining that his wife permits herself to cheat when they are playing games together. She sets her foot a little ahead of the line when throwing darts and re-arranges her cards ever so slightly when playing double patience and so on. It seems foolish of him to complain openly. A true gentleman would keep silent and just do a little cheating himself.

### For Your Information, Please

I DO not object when an officer who is posted receives first news of it from the Sergeants' Mess; but I do when I am Field Officer of the day and fail to notice the advertisement to that effect in Battalion Orders.

One day, says the Adjutant, I shall fail to look in *The Times*, and therefore not know I am dead. I reply that I

shall not find out any quicker by looking in his nonsensical Orders. It would be better, I tell him, if he wrote his wishes on pieces of paper and threw them out of the office window, so that people had to run after them in a high wind and piece them together; which is how inquiry agents fix divorces. For nobody reads his Orders the way he produces them—including the Adjutant (who signs them), or he would presumably see the spelling mistakes before we do. The only purpose Battalion Orders ever did serve was to provide, on the reverse side, a space for keeping bridge scores; which is no longer the case, as to-day they are printed on the reverse side of C Company's nominal rolls, for which C Company are still looking.

I see the Orderly Officer has the same trouble with the morning paper as I do with Battalion Orders. Because of the dull way both are set out, we look at them and nothing makes any impression. Three times he has picked up the same paper, looked at the same page with the same moony expression; and still he sees nothing there to interest him. I will write something in the Stop Press next time to catch his eye—to wit that I am Field Officer of the day.

Now he walks to the notice-board,



"... and then, of course, came this 66⅓% cut in the supply of negatives."

with hands in his pockets and a look of resolve. He is determined to glean some information somehow. He will not succeed. Those notices have been there since the Mess was formed, and none will bear a more recent date than Sept 23 1941.

He has proceeded into the phone-room now.

Something there will interest him.

There is a placard on a nail, like the admonitory notices in hotel bedrooms. It instructs him not to write telephone numbers on the wall, but it has been there so long that the wall is now full and they are writing them on the placard. Next to it is a slate. When you originate a trunk call you may write your name and the number you want on that slate. When the exchange rings back to say you are through, the Mess-waiter will note from the slate which officer wanted that call and will say you are not in, without going to see.

They also ask you to wipe your name off the slate when you have had the number; this is not necessary as somebody else will wipe it off to make room for theirs before you have had it.

I have asked our psychiatrist why people write telephone-numbers on the wall, and whether they are their own numbers, the numbers they are asking for, or some number the person the other end has just given them. He says most men write what they are saying and not what they have been told; not because it helps them to say it, but because if they wrote something

they were not saying (whilst saying something else) it would make the whole thing too complicated. He says have I noticed that one chap has written up "Two seats last row upper circle"?—this indicates what he was asking for. But here he is wrong, for I wrote that, which was all the theatre could offer, and I wanted to see how it would look before writing to ask her to come. I would not put it past our Adjutant to talk to some third party on the telephone about me being Field Officer of the day, and to write it on his blotting-pad whilst doing so, on which account he would expect me to know it. I wonder if the psychiatrist has any customers who write on the table-cloth at dinner that they are eating filthy rice-pudding? If not I will provide him with one to-night.

What I want to know is: if they wanted me to see my name in Orders why did they not print it upside-down? Or what is wrong with a broadcasting-van touring barracks with a trumpet on the roof and calling all officers, calling all officers, go at once to Major Grimsby's quarters and warn him he is Field Officer of the day . . . that is all, that is all?

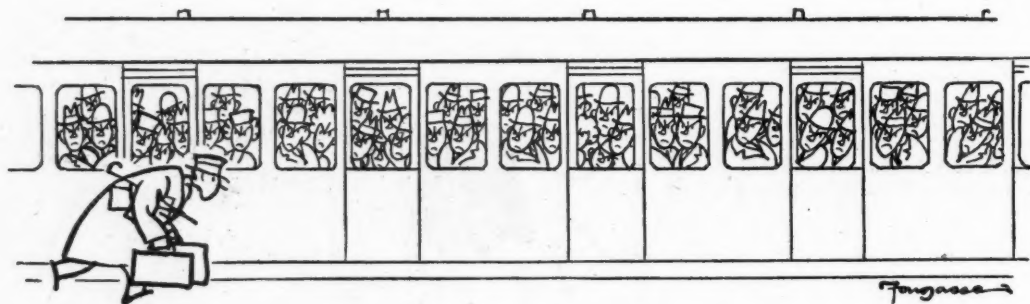
Another thing: I get enough envelopes marked SECRET, and all I ever find inside is that No. 40 Training Battalion will in future be known as No. 40 Training Centre, which we all knew last January, as we were in it. Nothing of greater news value than that has ever been handed to me in an envelope marked SECRET; but if the

news that I was Field Officer of the day were handed to me whilst I am dancing the valeta by a man who needs a hair-cut, I would naturally note the fact.

Here is the Orderly Officer again. I wonder what he has heard now from the Orderly Sergeant. He is terrifically excited. What? He has heard there is a new notice on our board. I'm damned if I have seen it, then. Where is it, pray? I join him at speed, all eager for the treat, and we look together. We jockey for position, and our heads travel from L. to R. along each row in turn, then up and down the columns: it is like trying to check a map reference before the match goes out. Our heads unexpectedly turn inwards together and we crack them so violently they will ache all night.

Holding his brow, the Orderly Officer calls in a temper for the Mess Corporal. Where is this ruddy notice everyone is talking about? Yes, there must be one. There is one in the Sergeants' Mess, I know. Oh, it has been taken down this morning. It had been there all the week, and the thing it referred to happened yesterday. Did anybody go? No, nobody, for nobody had seen the notice. Well, says the Orderly Officer, what is the use of putting notices up here about things? If they want us to know something there is only one place to say so, and that is in Battalion Orders!

It seems to me this Orderly Officer is crackers.



*No, the British aren't REALLY a surly and unsociable race—it's just that they think you'd find more room for yourself in another compartment.*

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This meant running 440 special troop trains, 680 special freight trains and 15,000 railway wagons by ordinary goods services . . .

The almost complete surprise achieved in an operation of this magnitude is unbelievable and reflects the greatest credit on all concerned."

RT. HON. SIR JAMES GRIGG,  
K.C.B., K.C.S.I.,  
Secretary of State for War, in the  
House of Commons.

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RAILWAY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

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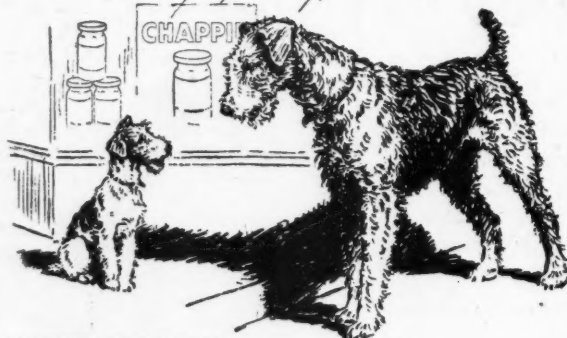
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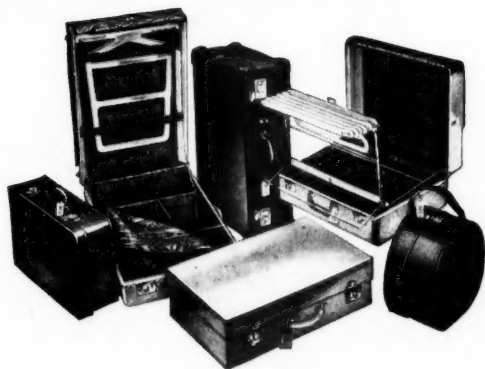
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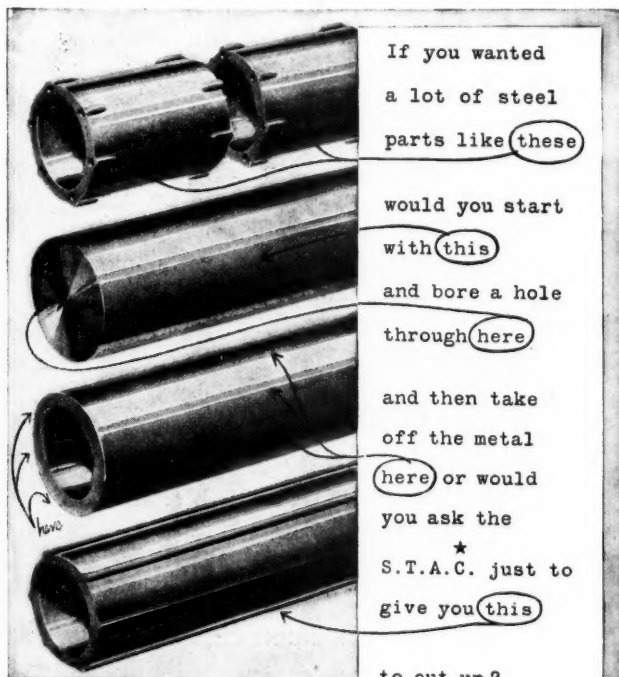


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